

Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI.

A WOMAN'S PERPLEXITY.

O, what shall I do for a bonnet?
I've nothing to wear.
And the styles are so queer—
It's not what of variety
That causes anxiety.
"This distracting to choose
Among the shapes and the hues
Of brims, straws and chips,
Red, brown and sage dips,
Beached, unbleached and black—
Of styles there's no lack.
The question's so vexed
I declare I'm perplexed
With fruitless thinking upon it.

O, what shall I do for a bonnet?
The spring almost gone,
And June's coming on,
And a friend writes to me
My new bonnet to see.
What can a bonnet do
If she may not wear blue?
Only yellow and red
Are now worn on the head;
But my cheeks would look sallow
If set off by yellow,
And my hair would look ashen
If dressed in such fashion.
It would not be right
To become such a fright.
My old broad-brimmed hat
Would be better than that.
And I've half made my mind up to don it.

O, what shall I do for a bonnet?
I've searched almost hours
For suitable flowers.
Would hollyhocks do?
They are certainly new,
There are exquisite copies
Of sunflowers and poppies.
How would dandelions suit?
Or suppose I have fruit
Ripe cherries and hops
Are shown in the shops.
I might wear a few daisies upon it.

O, what shall I do for a bonnet?
Shall I use chains and dangle,
Or beaded fringe tangle?
Shall gold-dust besprinkle,
Or black tangles I dangle?
With gilt balloons top,
Like a pawnbroker's shop?
Or perhaps I should take
A gilt spade and rake,
To show that my taste
Is simple and chaste.
As a poet's should be who writes sonnets.

O, what shall I do for a bonnet?
Shall green lizards crawl—
Or blue flies—over all?
Shall butterflies hover,
To mark Nature's lover?
Shall dragons surprise
With fiery glass eyes?
Shall brown beetles creep,
Or grasshoppers leap?
O, what shall adorn my new bonnet?
—Harper's Bazar.

CARRYING AN ELECTION.

With the wail of a bereaved demon,
The morning train stopped at Oxbow
Station to part with its most attractive
passenger—a graceful little lady in navy
blue. As she ran down the steps a
blonde, broad-shouldered youth pressed
eagerly forward to greet her.

"Enraptured to behold you, Angie!"
cried he boyishly, taking prompt possession
of her satchel and then of the hand
carrying it.

"Why Sidney Alden! Can I believe
mine eyes? I thought you were in
Boston!"

"Unlike the leopard I can change my
spots, Mademoiselle—especially when
said change transports me to Miss Angie
Converse."

"Especially when it transports you to
the Library festival, you mean," laughed
the young lady, blushing prettily;
"you knew Oxbow couldn't get up a
public entertainment without you."

"Begging your pardon, I was not
aware till last evening that Oxbow
contemplated an entertainment," retorted
he, leading the way to the carriage.

"Give me the music-roll, please. It
seems you found the duets?"

"Yes. Zet and I are going to practice
them to-day."

"She has intimated as much and
that I needn't hover about the parlor
during the performance."

"Touching sisterly frankness!"

"I rebelled and accused her of sacri-
ficing her brother to the interests of the
festival."

"However could she do it? when
you've taken this lonesome journey to
see her?"

"Possibly she doesn't admit I took
the journey for her sake exclusively,"
responded Sidney, with a queer smile;
"and as to its being lonesome, we didn't
think it so."

"We?"

The young man at that moment re-
ining in his horse upon the bridge, did
not seem to hear the interrogation.
After a moment's uneasy silence, Angie
spoke again.

"What brought you home to the
rural districts in this freezing weather,
Sidney?"

"Two good and sufficient motives,
Miss Inquisitive. The first is a bit of
interesting news. The second"—he
laughed in an embarrassed way—"the
second is—a personal matter which I
beg leave to discuss with you later. By
the by," added he, changing his tone
abruptly, "Bertha Huntress came with
me. You've heard me speak of our
new step-cousin, Bertha?"

"The stately beauty?"

"I believe she answers to that de-
scription," responded Sidney, looking
pleased. "You'll be sure to like each
other, Angie."

"Shall we?" The young lady her-
self was less confident on that point.

"She's wild to see you, I've talked
so much about you."

"You might have chosen a more
pleasing topic!"

"Allow me to doubt it. But now for
my bit of news. Chase & Rollins have
increased my salary by one-fourth."

"How complimentary! I'm so glad!"

"And they promise to take me into
the firm next year. 'Chase, Rollins &
Co.' Ahem! How's 'Co.' for a name.
Prodigiously dignified, but not mu-
sical. 'Think I prefer Sidney Alden.'"

"Honestly? Thousand thanks for the
avowal! If you only knew how I've
been agonizing for some mark of your
preference!"

"You saucy being! I hoped Boston
would improve your manners."

"Pray supplement Boston and fashion
them yourself."

"You overrate my capabilities. Do I
set myself up for a Mr. Toveydrop?"
laughed Angie, trying to look uncon-
scious and to forget that last interview
with Sidney, when he certainly had
seemed on the very verge of a proposal.

"You set yourself up for a military
character, on the contrary, it appears,"
observed the young man quizzically,
surveying the cockade in her hat. "Let
me here remark that the regimental
costume is vastly nobbier and becoming.

The dark blue contrasts finely with the
gilt buttons and the orange trimmings.
"Orange trimmings! indeed! As if
I'd be seen in orange, Sidney Alden!
These modest cordings are of 'old
gold'!"

"Ah, yes! Now I have a spasm of
memory. Bertha once tutored me on
this same subject; protested I'd a ten-
dency to color-blindness, like the Jew-
ish nation. Bertha wears one of those
suits. Probably that's how I came to
observe yours."

Was it, forsooth! The girl at his side
felt strangely aggrieved by the naive
remark, and strengthened in the con-
viction that she should not like Miss
Huntress.

The fair stranger was sitting at the
parlor window as they stopped at the
gate. She bowed graciously to Sidney,
who gallantly touched his hat to her. And
—could Angie be deceived? or did he
toss a kiss as he sprang from the car-
riage to assist herself in alighting? An-
gie did wish she knew; but it was no
time for idle speculations. The next
moment she was borne into the house
by Zet to be introduced to the new-
comer. Then mamma Alden had a
motherly welcome for her, and the
worthy doctor laid aside his *Medical
Journal* to greet her with marked favor.
Evidently little Miss Converse was a
great pet in the household. Was it
strange if she had come to believe her-
self tacitly regarded as one of the fam-
ily?

"There! I wonder if Sidney remem-
bered to engage oysters for the festi-
val!" cried Zet, suddenly, as she helped
Angie remove her wraps.

"I'll ask him," volunteered Miss
Huntress from the window-seat.

"Thank you. And if he's forgotten,
scold him."

"I will—in your name."

"Why not in your own, too? It will
be more effective. Besides, it's your
peculiar duty—not to say privilege!"

"I don't wish to anticipate these
things," smiled Miss Bertha, vanishing
through the door-way.

"Isn't she charming, Angie?" cried
Zet with enthusiasm. "Such eyes!
And such exquisite hair! Sid says she
is like a Titian Madonna."

"She is lovely," assented Angie in
the tone of a martyr who dies for the
truth.

So Sidney had compared her to a Ma-
donna! He would worship her next!
Perhaps he did worship her already!
And why was it the "peculiar duty"
of this paragon to scold Sidney? On the
whole, it was a wretched morning to
Angie. Zet was helping her mother about
the fruit cake for the festival. Sidney
was overseeing the decoration of the
public hall and she was left with
Miss Bertha, whose ease and elegance
rebuffed her own restless constraint.
The afternoon was yet worse, for with
some flimsy excuse Sidney drew Miss
Huntress away to the library for a pro-
longed tete-a-tete, and Zet and Angie
could not practice because of stupid
callers.

It was not till after tea that the two
girls began their duets. Sidney leaned
over Angie's chair to turn the music
leaves; discarding merry nonsense with
herself and Miss Bertha, who sat near
the lamp sewing brass rings upon a cur-
tain for the public hall.

"I appreciate your good intentions,
Sid," cried his sister at last nervously;
"nevertheless I wish you'd run off.
Your chattering puts us out."

"Your eloquence distracts our at-
tention!" would sound more polished,
sisterkin."

"Choose your own form of rhetoric,
only leave us! Bertha, use your influ-
ence. He's bound to do as you say."

"Bertha won't abuse her rights; she
knows I haven't seen Angie ten min-
utes."

"But Miss Converse would rather be
heard than seen just now," said Miss
Huntress, rising with an indolent smile.
"We ought to interrupt the duets."

"Fair tyrant! She says go and I
must be gone!" responded Sidney, in an
apparent agony of submission.

"Don't take Bertha away. She doesn't
disturb us."

"May be not; but her tarrying be-
hind might disturb me, sisterkin,"
retorted Sidney airily, "and she'll never
desert Mr. Micawber."

As the twin disappeared arm-in-arm,
Zet drew a long breath.

"There!" said she, "hope we can
play better now I've disposed of him and
his bride-elect."

"Bride-elect?" faltered Angie, strik-
ing a false note.

"Yes. Haven't you heard? I sup-
posed Sidney had told you. You're out
of time, Angie. One—two—three—
four. Now the pedal."

"Wasn't it rather—rather sudden?"

"Sudden? the sub-bass? It is writ-
ten that way."

"What you said a moment ago—
about Miss Huntress and Sidney?"

"That? O, yes! I was disappointed
at first. Do you know I wanted Sid to
have you? I never once thought of Ber-
tha. I have my doubts now whether
she is just the one for him; but he ought
to know her better than we do," an-
swered Zet between fitful pauses, as she
labored over a difficult passage.

Angie played on mechanically, with
a vague fancy that she was thrumming
upon a coffin. "Don't you cry, Angie
Converse! Don't you dare to cry," she
kept saying to herself, hammering at
the keys as if her troublesome heart
throbbed beneath and must be paralyzed
by blows. And through all the changes
of the music rang this silly refrain:

"Sidney's fickle, all things show it,
Once you thought so, now you know it."

But at last they had mastered the
duets to Zet's satisfaction, and Sidney
lounched in, "to accept their apologies,"
he observed loftily.

Had Bertha finished the curtain? his
sister inquired. He had no convictions
on the subject and Zet went to ascer-
tain.

Making a movement to follow her,
Angie found herself cleverly penned be-
tween a rocking-chair and the center-
table.

"Wait little lady, I've something
sweet to tell you."

"I know! I know! Zet has an-
nounced it. I—I congratulate you."

"On the snow-storm?" Sidney looked
a trifle puzzled. "Thank you; though
I don't flatter myself it comes solely for
my benefit."

"Not on the snow-storm. Does it
really snow? I meant to congratulate
you on—on everything."

"Kind little soul! I was sure you
would be pleased," he said, taking her
hand in his, as one might take a child's
to warm them. "Yes, I consider that
I am a very lucky fellow. Bertha is—"

"O yes, certainly! There's no ques-
tion about it," interrupted Angie hur-
riedly, withdrawing her hands.

"All I lack now, Angie, is a snug lit-
tle home and—"

Jet's entrance put a period to the
sentence.

"If it clears off in the morning,
Angie, will you go sleighing with me?"
pursued Sidney, as his sister ran
out again for the bed-candle. "I want
a long, quiet talk with you."

"I can't! Indeed I can't go! I must
be home early."

"Must you? Honor bright? Then
we'll ride in that direction, and we'll
set out as early as you please. But
what's your haste? Zet said you meant
to take the train, and that doesn't leave
till four in the afternoon."

Angie made some incoherent remark
about not liking to appropriate so much
of his time.

"Nonsense! My time is at your dis-
posal. I'll arrange matters with Bertha
—never you fear! She's a wonderfully
reasonable being! Shivering, shivering,
girlie? Is the fire so low?"

"Fire low, I should say!" cried Zet,
appearing on the threshold with a can-
dlestick in either hand. The room is
a perfect oven. Shall we go up stairs
now, Angie? Here comes Bertha to say
good night to you."

As Angie followed Zet up the broad
staircase to Zet's chamber, which they
were to share together, she heard
the parlor door close gently upon
Miss Huntress and Sidney and she
shivered again. The gentle murmur
of their voices maddened her. She
tried to drown the sound by her own
footsteps.

"I dare say your old gravel train will
wake me in the morning," said she,
dragging down her crimps at the toilet
glass. "When does it begin its trav-
els?"

"Somewhere between five and six,"
yawned sleepy Zet.

"So early! Thank fortune! I'll leave
this house before any one else is stir-
ring," mused Angie, with a brisk nod
at the mirror, which just then reflected
no "Madonna's" face. She was glad that
Zet speedily floated off to dreamland.
She wanted to be alone to think. Plainly
she could not ride with Sidney in the
morning. If he should talk to her again
in that tender, confidential style she
might break down—she would sooner
die! No, she must go home on the
gravel train. It was the only alternative.
She hoped Sidney wouldn't think her
odd! More likely he would not think of
her at all—with which grim reflection
the poor child finally grieved herself
to sleep. She woke terrified lest she
missed the train. In the name of pity
where were the matches? Matches
found, where was the candle? Candle
lighted, she opened her watch. It had
run down at eleven! Enveloping her-
self in a blanket, she crept down-stairs
to consult the tall clock near the door
of Sidney's chamber, which led from the
hall. It was on the stroke of two—only
the old time-piece did not strike in these
days.

Resolved to be sensible and not to
rise before it was necessary, Angie stole
back to bed to count the tedious minutes.
She dared not close her eyes for fear
of oversleeping. At last, after what seemed
hours, a lamp flickered in the hotel op-
posite. It must be high time she was
dressing. Having made a hasty toilet,
she scribbled an apology to Zet and
again ventured down the staircase—this
time in the dark; she must not risk
awakening Sidney. In the hall she
grouped cautiously for hat and sash, and
then stealthily, on tiptoe, made her way
to the door, and closing it softly behind
her ran down the path.

Darkness everywhere, and how cold
it was! The frozen planks of the bridge
creaked beneath her light tread; the
frosted nails snapped now and then with
a loud report; but the falling snow said
"hush! hush!"

Burdened with muff, music and satchel,
sometimes in the road, sometimes out
of it, half-blinded, thoroughly chilled,
Angie stumbled heavily on towards the
poset, a half mile away. When she
reached its shadowy portals, which she
had nearly passed in the obscurity, she
found the door fast. Where was every-
body? Was Oxbow dead and in its
winding-sheet and unwatched by even
a solitary taper? Brushing the snow
from the step, Angie began to lay down
her bundles. But hark! was that a foot-
step? No, it was only the nervous
buzzing in her ears! And if some one
had been coming, what then? Was it
not high season, if the train were ever
to start? She hoped she was not a cow-
ard! But she was! For presently, hear-
ing the footsteps again—and now they
were not far behind her—she darted
away along the glimmering highway
and finally look shelter in a cool yard,
crouching under a friendly lilac while
time shivered by on frozen wings. Once
the man drew near her hiding-place, and
she held her breath till he passed, turned
and repassed, with long, impatient
strides. A pretty situation this, truly,
for Squire Converse's tenderly-nurtured
daughter! She fell to pitying herself
as she contrasted herself with Sidney
Alden, peacefully sleeping, dreaming
perhaps of his loved Bertha.

After what might have been the lapse
of ages, the shriek of the engine rent
the air. It was the usual reveille of
the railroad workmen, but Angie be-
lieved it the signal for the starting of
the train. Hurrying to the depot and
past the handful of men gathered upon
the platform, she clambered the dark pas-
senger car and let herself in. O, the
comfort of being once more under a
roof! With benumbed fingers she groped
her way to a seat, and then shrank back
terrified as her hand touched the shoul-
der of a man.

"Angie? Angie Converse? Is it you
at last?" cried a familiar voice.

"Sydney Alden! You here? How
you frightened me!" ejaculated Angie,
very near hysterics.

"Now, Miss Converse, will you have
the goodness to tell me what all this
means?" asked the young man, im-
patiently, seating her beside him.

"I had things to finish for the festi-
val. Did I wake you?"

"No. It was a current of air from the
north pole. Finding the street door
ajar and the hat tree rife of your be-
longings, I naturally investigated fur-

ther. I have been hunting for you these
two hours."

"I'm sorry I disturbed you. You
should have gone to sleep again."

"Cool, like the atmosphere! So you
fancy I could have composed myself for
another nap knowing you were wander-
ing alone in the night? You insult my
humanity!"

"I'm sorry I disturbed you," she re-
peated, like a child reciting its lesson.
"I suppose I can take a hint as well
as the average fellow," pursued Sidney
hotly. "You needn't have left my
father's house at three o'clock of a win-
ter morning to convince me of your in-
difference. Such an extreme measure
was quite unnecessary, I assure you."

"You don't understand. I—"

"I'm not a complete idiot, Miss Con-
verse, do understand that you wouldn't
have me making love to you—that
you decamped in the night watches to
dodge a proposal. And now I ask
you this—was it sensible or expedient
to risk your health in this outrageous
manner? Why couldn't you have said
frankly that you didn't want to ride
with me? If you had intimated that
you wished to avoid further confiden-
tial interviews, I should—well, I admit
I should have been awfully cut up—but
I shouldn't have had cause to complain.
Instead of dealing honestly with me,
you simply remarked that you didn't
like to appropriate my time and I was
simple enough to believe that you meant
just as you said. I thought you refused my
escort merely because you had scruples
about taking me from the rehearsal."

"Rehearsal?"

"You consider me very stupid, no
doubt; but knowing as I did that you
were interested in the festival and in
the progress of the farce was it amaz-
ing that—"

"What farce?"

"Why, the farce! 'The Model Hus-
band.' As I was saying, I knew you
were aware Bertha and I were hurried
in committing our parts, and I natu-
rally inferred—"

"Nobody told me there was to be a
farce!"

"Possible? Didn't you hear Zet jok-
ing Bertha and me about our tender
relations? Well, that is neither here
nor there. I—"

"I thought you—Miss Huntress
—were actually engaged," murmured
Angie, furtively groping for her pocket-
handkerchief.

"Cousin Bertha engaged to me? My
precious little blunderer!" cried Sidney,
in a tone of sudden relief. "She's to
figure as my wife in the farce, that's all;
afterwards I shall resign her to her
rightful bridegroom, who'll marry her
in March."

Utter silence, broken at last by an
embarrassed cough from Sidney.

"You must have a fine opinion of a
fellow, Angie, to suppose I'd be inter-
ested in another young lady. You can't
help knowing I years ago elected you."

"O, if you're going to talk politics—
before breakfast, too?"

"I won't be put off this way forever,
Angie. I think the lady of my election
might at least grant me a hearing, when
she knows how long I have loved her!"

"She's a wretched candidate!"

"She's adorable! The point is, is she
my very own? May I claim her?"

"You're sure you want her?"

"Didn't I come down to Maine solely
for her?"

"Foolish boy!" replied Angie, softly.
"Well, since you've really elected her,
she'd better 'stand,' as the politicians
say. That is if you can stand it with
her," she added, saucily.

What matter that a sleepy brakeman
blundered in at that moment with a
lantern and kindlings! The election
was over, and for once in the annals of
history both parties were satisfied.—
Penn Shirley, in Good Company.

Fig-Leaves and Finery.

It is as natural for a woman to love
finery as it is for a bird to plume itself,
for the rose-bush to garland its branches
with blossoms; in fact, even man has
his little prejudices in favor, not only of
the best-dressed woman, but of the best
linen and broadcloth that the market
affords, together with a fair amount of
these little adornments which taste or
custom allows. The tattooing of the
savage is an embellishment of the per-
son which we believe is common to both
sexes; and though Eve was the first to
invent the art of dress, we have never
observed that her sons permitted them-
selves to be outstripped by her daugh-
ters in taking advantage of her happy
thought. It is not only because fine
feathers increase her comeliness that a
woman dotes upon them, though even
that might be considered a reason suffi-
ciently good and innocent to account
for the predilection, since it is the duty
of each of us to make the most of what-
ever charms we may possess, and it is
undeniable that a plain person well
dressed has the advantage of her pretty
friend who has paid no attention to the
subject, while experience teaches us,
perhaps, that beauty when unadorned is
often unrecognized; but there is a poetry
about fig-leaves to which the femi-
nine mind is peculiarly susceptible; the
colors and designs of brocades sug-
gest beautiful images; the India shawl
touches her fancy like the wand of the
enchanter, and puts her in rapport
with the splendors of the East; the
shimmer of satin, the flash of jewels,
the tracery of lace, satisfy the imagina-
tion in a measure, like fine pictures or
statuary, like flow of music, or the easy
postures of the dancer. There is al-
most always a sound reason for the
popularity of anything and the univer-
sal admiration of elegant apparel is no
exception to the rule; a fundamental
necessity of everybody's nature can
only be reached by the ministrations of
beauty and since the majority of us can
not always secure it to ourselves in its
highest form, we are pleased to fall
back upon the most easily accessible.
In the meantime it is not necessary that
a regard for fine feathers should offend
against simplicity or economy, or absorb
the leisure that might be devoted to
better objects; doubtless she who wears
the finest of things gives less thought
and time to the arrangement than one
who must plan and toil to attain her
desire; and they assume more impor-
tance and occupy her mind more con-
stantly in proportion to the difficulty
she experiences in procuring them, as
the rose we can not reach is most to be
coveted, and the pleasure denied is
that which wears a halo and dwells
most in our minds.—Harper's Bazar.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—After a woman has passed ninety
she is proud of her age, says the De-
troit Free Press.

—The good man says: "All things
are for the best," and mentally adds,
"I am the best."—New Orleans Picay-
une.

—A Meridian man has a Bible 142
years old. Strange how long a Bible
may be made to last by temperate
usage.—Boston Transcript.

—The evil that men do lives after
them. Cows likewise do not give oleo-
margarine until they are dead.—Phila-
delphia Chronicle Herald.

—There is said to be no foundation
for the report that Mr. Sankey's new
hymn, "Is your lamp still burning,
brother?" is to be dedicated to Mr.
Edison.

—You can't make a horse drink.
This shows how inferior is the horse to
man. You can make a man drink, but
can't always make him pay.—Hawk-
Eye.

—As the time for truly agricultural
fairs draws near, the committees are
hunting around for lawyers and clergy-
men to address the farmers upon agri-
cultural topics.—Boston Post.

—"I smell suffin a burnin'," re-
marked an aged negro who sat at a
camp fire toasting his extremities.
"Gosh!" he added in a moment, with
a wild yell, "it's de nigger's own foot."

—A Georgia paper tells of a man who
went all the way from Cassville to At-
lanta. On his return he looked solemn
with the weight of garnered wisdom
and said: "If the world is big 'toter
way as it is, it's a whooper."

—A lady tells something which ought
to have remained a secret with her sex.
It is that a woman, in choosing a lover,
considers a good deal more how the
man will be regarded by other women
than whether she loves him herself.

—The undertakers of this State are
going to have a convention at Utica.
Those who suppose this will be a funeral
gathering are mistaken. There are no
jollier people than undertakers—when
off duty.—Buffalo Express. They are a
grave people but not morose, and out of
business hours they usually spell bier
with two e's.—Syracuse Herald.

—Well, I'm glad my house clean-
ing is over," said Mrs. Brown, with a
sigh of thankfulness. "It must be a
relief," observed Mrs. Smith, who was
calling. "But then, how soon will you
need to go through it all again." If she
hadn't looked around in a sort of criti-
cal manner all would have been well.
That call will never be returned.

—A gentleman and his wife, with two
little girls, evidently twins and about
three years of age, are seated at one of
the tables in the dining room waiting
for their breakfast to be brought to
them. One of the little girls who had
been intently observing what was pass-
ing, suddenly turned to her sister and
said: "Why don't papa say grace?"
The reply was, "They ain't dot any
Dod in Rochester."—Rochester Union.

—At one of Mrs. S—'s dinner par-
ties a "sweet girl graduate" of one of
our high schools, daintily pecking at
the delicacies on her plate, overheard a
gentleman opposite mention the name
of "Dr. Hervey." "I beg your pardon,
Mr. B—," said she sweetly, "but do
you refer to the distinguished philan-
thropist who invented the circumlocu-
tion of the blood?" Mr. B— at-
tempted to say he did, but uttered a
mouthful of soup instead.—San Fran-
cisco Argonaut.

—A man was sawing wood yesterday
afternoon in a back yard. He severed
two sticks as thick as your wrist and
then went into the house. "Mary,"
said he to his wife, "my country needs
me; there's no use of talking; we've
just got to slaughter all these Injuns;
no true patriot can be expected to hang
around a wood-pile these days."

"John," said his wife, "if you fight
Injuns as well as you saw wood and
support your family, it would take one
hundred and eighteen like you to cap-
ture one squaw, and you'd have to
catch her when she had the ague and
throw pepper in her eyes." John went
back to the wood-pile.—Salt Lake Tri-
bune.

—The thrush in the thicket is staging.
The lark is abroad on the lea,
And over the garden gate swinging
A maiden is waiting for me.
She waits till she's weary, I'm thinking,
Though eager I am for the tryst;
She will wait till the bright stars are blinking,
And sigh for the kisses she miss'd.
For her father is watchful and wary,
And I'm not the sort of canary,
And I'm not the sort of canary,
To be kicked for the love of a girl.

The Increase in the Products of Cereals During the Last Fifteen Years.

A writer in the International Review,
says that in fifteen years the production
of wheat and barley in the United States
has trebled, corn, cotton and tobacco
more than doubled, oats increased near-
ly 140,000,000 bushels, potatoes nearly
doubled and hay increased more than
one-third. He gives the figures for the
chief crops in 1865 and 1889 according
to which the production of wheat has
increased from 148,553,000 bushels in
the former year to 447,757,000 in the
latter; corn, from 704,437,000 to 1,544,-
899,000; oats, from 225,252,000 to 364,-
253,000; rye, from 19,544,000 to 22,646,-
000; barley, from 11,291,000 to 40,-
184,000; potatoes, from 104,682,000
to 181,369,000; hay, from 23,538,-
000 tons to 35,648,000; tobacco from
184,317,000 pounds to 384,059,000 and
cotton from 2,223,000 bales to 5,020,000.
The remarkable increase in the produc-
tion of cereals has been largely owing
to the settlement and development of
the Western and Northwestern States.
Within the present generation the cen-
ter of corn production has shifted from
the South to the West, and of wheat
production from the Middle States to
the far West. In 1849, 50 per cent.,
and in 1859, 52 per cent. of the corn
crop of the country was produced in the
Southern States. In 1877, 859,000,000
bushels were grown in Ohio, Indiana,
Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and
Nebraska, while the production of all
the rest of the Union amounted to 494,-
558,000 bushels. The increase of the
tobacco crop has been chiefly in the
South, where the production increased
100,000,000 pounds from 1870 to 1878.
During the same period the yield of
cotton increased from 5,012,000 bales

to 5,916,000. This increase was main-
ly in Arkansas and Texas, the crop of
the former state swelling from 111,000
pounds in 1870 to 318,000,000 in
1878 and that of the latter State from
157,000,000 in 1870 to nearly 500,000,000
in 1878. According to the writer al-
ready cited, only about nine per cent.
of our entire grain crop is exported, in-
cluding 24.76 per cent. of the wheat
and 6.49 per cent. of the corn produced.
The exports have rapidly increased in
the past few years and are likely to in-
crease in the future, especially if the
cost of transportation shall be reduced.
Thus, the total exports of all cereals
increased from 39,000,000 bushels in
1865 to 189,000,000 in 1878. About
three per cent. of the national product
was exported in 1865, and nearly eleven
per cent. in 1878. In addition to this,
the exportation of live stock, into
which corn enters more or less, has in-
creased tenfold within the past two
years.

Shaving on Sunday.

In a recent case it was held that keep-
ing open a barber's shop on Sunday is
not indictable either as a nuisance or a
misdemeanor. It was held not to be a
misdemeanor because a penalty for the
violation of the Sunday laws is imposed.
The question then was whether it was
a nuisance and the court said: "It can-
not be said that a barber's shop is some-
thing which incommodates or annoys, or
which produces inconvenience or dam-
age to others. On the contrary the busi-
ness of barbering is so essential to the
comfort and convenience of the inhabi-
tants of a town or city that it may be
regarded as a necessary occupation. To
hold that it becomes a nuisance when
carried on on Sunday is a perversion of
the term 'nuisance.' All that can be
said of it is that when prosecuted on
Sunday it is a violation of the statute
and subject to be prosecuted against as
prescribed by law, but not subject to be
indicted as a nuisance. It may shock
the moral sense of a portion of the com-
munity to see the barber carrying on
his business with open doors on Sunday,
but it produces no inconvenience or
damage to others and therefore cannot
be regarded in legal contemplation of
a nuisance."

The legality of keeping open a bar-
ber's shop on Sunday was considered in
a Pennsylvania case, where it was held
that the business of a barber in shaving
his customers on Sunday morning is
"worldly employment," not "a work
of necessity or charity." The court
said: "It is argued that as the law
does not forbid a person to wash and
shave himself on Sunday, and thus to
prepare himself to attend public worship
or otherwise properly to enjoy the rest
and recuperation which it was the pur-
pose of the day to give, therefore
another may do it for him without
incurring the condemnation of the
law. This view is not sustained by
the authorities." "It is further
contended by the counsel for the de-
fendant that long continued usage and
customs of society prove that the busi-
ness of a barber is by common consent
considered a necessity within the mean-
ing of the law. And the forcible and
exhaustive arguments of Lowrie, C. J.,
in Commonwealth against Nesbit, are
urged upon our consideration as decisive
of this case. In my judgment the points
ruled in that case and those to be de-
cided here are in no way alike. There
it was held that a hired servant, with-
out violation of the act of 1794, might
drive his employer's family to church
on Sunday in the employer's private
carriage, while here the defendant
claims that he may lawfully keep open
a private shop on Sunday, shaving and
dressing the hair of whom may come,
whether his customers intend to go to
church or not, and whether he is en-
tirely able to shave himself or not. In
that, without regard to the necessity of
the particular acts done, he claims the
right to exercise his 'ordinary calling'
on Sunday as on other days." "But is
it a work of necessity? Many persons
shave themselves on that day, who are
shaved by a barber on other days of the
week. And not one in ten who shave
on that day employ the services of a
barber." The court also says the de-
fendant's custom of closing his shop at
ten o'clock on Sunday mornings made
no difference, and conclude: "If the
closing of these shops on Sunday is an
inconvenience to the public the remedy
rests with the Legislature and not with
the court."

In a case in 1837, an apprentice to a
barber in Scotland, bound by his inden-
tures "not to absent himself from his
master's business on holiday or week
day, late hours or early, without leave,"
went away on Sundays without leave
and without shaving his master's cus-
tomers. Held, by the Lords that he could
not lawfully be required to attend his
master's shop on Sundays, for the pur-
pose of shaving the customers; that work
and all other sorts of handicraft being
illegal, in England as well as Scotland,
not being works of necessity, mercy, or
charity. Lord Chancellor Cottonham
said: "This is a case of great impor-
tance," and that the work "is one of
mere convenience." Lord Wynford
concurred saying, "It was not neces-
sary that people should be shaved on Su-
nday in a public shop; it was not an act
of mercy, it was clearly an act of handi-
craft." Lord Brougham also concurred
saying: "The object of the respondent
was gain; and he whose object was gain
did not come within the exception.
The necessity contemplated by the ex-
ception in the statute was the necessity
of the person who worked, and not of
him who compelled the work. It was
said in the court below that unless
working persons, who do not them-
selves shave their beards were allowed
to resort to the barber shops on Sun-
days, many decently disposed men
would be prevented from frequenting
places of worship, and from associating
with their families or friends, from
want of personal cleanliness. But why
should they not do the work on Satur-
day as the people did in Glasgow, and
in other towns where no sort of work
was allowed to be done on Sunday? It
might as well be said that because a
person could not decently resort to
church, or associate with his family,
unless he was decently clothed and fed,
therefore the butchers' and the bakers'
shops should be kept open on Sunday
morning for the convenience of such
persons. That was not the practice;
the parties took good care to provide
themselves on Saturdays with food and
clothing."—Albany Law Journal.